The World

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FOOTBALL FATALITIES.

To-day the country over, from Leland Stanford University to Bowdoin College, the chosen champions of the higher education are contesting for football supremacy.

On a thousand gory gridirons resolute youths are hitting the line or tearing across the field for a touchdown, while other resolute youths, in the words of the song, are "swatting them and smashing them, a-biffing them and buffing them." Players lie prostrate with the wind knocked out of them, while doctors sponge their necks and slap them back into consciousness. Some are led from the field injured. One, perhaps, is borne out from a mass play crushed into lifelessness.

Yet the number of experienced players killed in these contests is small. It is the young player who receives the injuries which excite antagonism against the game. The list of football fatalities for 1896 showed 8 killed, for 1899 11, for 1900 14, for 1902 12. But of these the greater number were boys unused to the game. We had last week the death of a youth from internal injuries following his awkward missing of the ball when he tried to kick it.

This view is corroborated by the lessened fatalities of last year, which, with the number of players perhaps doubled, were two short of the deaths of 1900.

Football is not for Fauntleroys. It is a man's game, requiring manliness of its devotees, whom it repays with additional muscularity and skill. To him that hath it gives until its finished product, a veteran of several seasons, rouses admiration as an unusually fine type of physical manhood. Its dangers are apparent and are not to be made light of. Yet in ten years in all the nation not so many persons have been killed on the football field as in the streets of New York in one year by vehicles—not one third as many!

How many games are going on to-day, how many millions of spectators are watching them let us not attempt to estimate. It is presumed that all of the country's 434 colleges support a "team," as do the multitudinous high schools, preparatory academies and business colleges. The number of pupils in private schools, so called, in 1900, was 1,577,248, the raw material for innumerable elevens.

Merely to make a mental picture of the aggregate of grand stand crowds, to hear at long distance their raucous cheers and sight their flashing flags and to feel a far reflection of the general thrill of enthusiasm is to gain an idea of what the game has grown to be and what it makes for.

At such a moment one becomes oblivious of its tribute of killed and wounded.

ELECTION BONFIRES.

Practical considerations of melted asphalt and street damage demanding a large outlay for repairs will largely do away with election bonfires this year.

They may flare up on stone-paved streets and on cobble surfaces, but the wider use of asphalt will diminish their general use. As a picturesque feature of political campaigns these nocturnal street illuminations will soon follow the torchlight procession into desuetude.

There was a traditional suggestion of Guy Fawkes in the election bonfire which appealed strongly to the youthful imagination. The early November memories of the "gunpowder treason and plot" of a monarchy were perpetuated by innumerable piles of flaming barrels in the republic.

It was a kind of mischief which probably kept boyish hands out of worse. But their cost in damage done, regardless of sentimental objections, makes their suppression desirable.

THE LACK OF COOD PLAYS.

The Smith College seniors decided last week that "the critical public has lost interest in the Shakespeare performances." It is merely a coincidence that with his engagement in "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" but just begun Nat Goodwin is to be shifted from the New Amsterdam Theatre to Boston to make way for a modern play by a modern playwright which has been a success at the Garrick.

Shakespeare thus gives place to Clyde Fitch. Mr. Belasco says that "nine-tenths of the present-day plays are not plays at all. They are a jumble of cheap-witted dialogues, some girls and some music. There is precious little dramatic art to them."

The literary quality of a play is now its least claim to acceptance. It is not required to contain a sentence that will be remembered beyond the foyer doors. Shakespeare writing for a Broadway manager would find a penalty imposed for rhetorical flights. Yet within the practical lines laid down by the box-office there appear to be opportunities for dramatists never before offered. The rewards of success were never before so handsome or the royalties so remunerative.

No other form of literary work, indeed, brings returns to compare with playwrighting, not even popular fiction. Nevertheless, while America exports fiction to England it finds it necessary to import plays. The crop of domestic dramatists is short.

A GAMBLER'S HONOR.

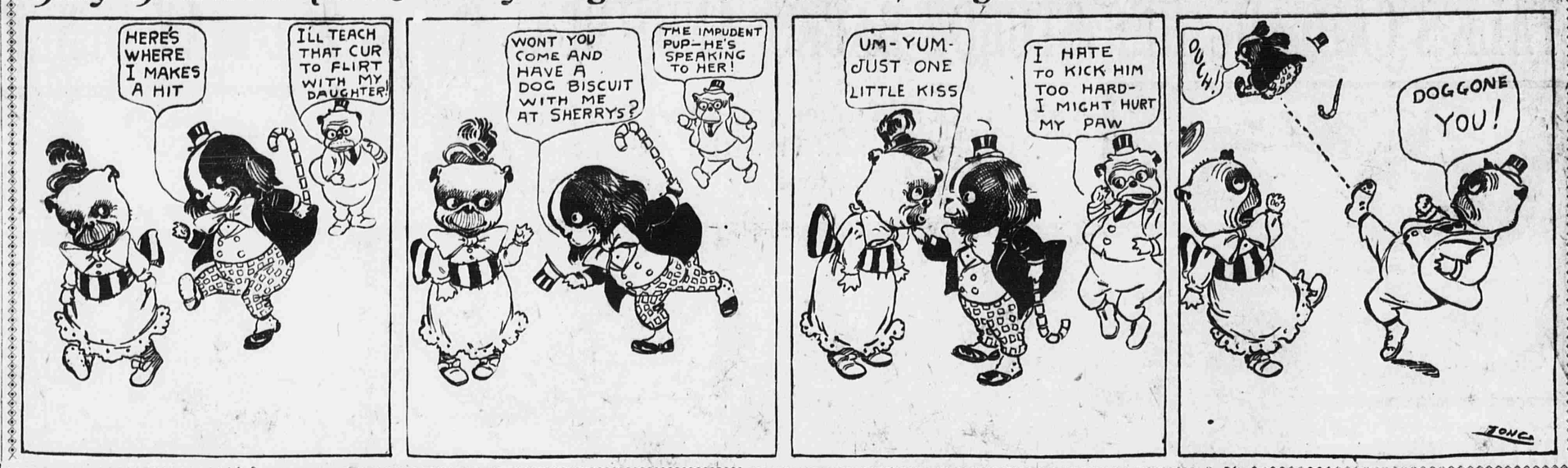
The Bowery code finds its latest expression in the Rossmore shooting affray. A man whose picture is in the Rogues' Gallery shot down another man whose portrait is to be found in the same collection, and the victim, though in danger of death, refuses to identify his assailant. "If I die it will be all right," says the wounded man, "and if I don't the man who shot me will get his."

It is the feud code of private vengeance for personal wrong, the same that exists in the Kentucky mountains and on Cherry Hill. It permits a murderer to go free and a desperado to roam at large, preying on society so long as he can escape the bullet which alone by the etiquette of the code can requite the wrong done. It is a barbaric chivalry in which a noble principle of personal honor is prostituted to unworthy ends.

But it is a tawdry kind of honor and it is inimical to society. It is a plant of noxious growth which ought to be cut down.

Superstitious Credulity.—A young woman gave a professed clairvoyant 25 cents to see a little way into the future for her, 25 cents more to see further and a gold watch for information about her husband-to-be. Her credulity excites our pity. But is there not something equally pathetic in the blind faith of thousands of supposedly sane persons who frequent the rooms of fortune-tellers and seers and wizards and pay to have a not overalism individual remove the veil of the future for them?

Billy Bowwow Meets Polly Pugdoodle, Also the Pugdoodle Pa.



The Man Who Wants You to Love Him

by

Nixola Greeley-Smith.

THE man who wants you to love him may be called the logical candidate for your hand, since according to the latest campaign definition of the term it means the candidate you don't want but may have to take.

Every woman not hopelessly unattractive has at least one of these matrimonial reserves. He is young, distinctly eligible, rich therefore, and good-looking perhaps. And he means well. Something you sometimes find it harder to forgive him than if he meant otherwise or nothing.

He wants you to marry him. He tells you so nearly every time your mother or sister leaves the room when he is making his interminable Sunday afternoon call. And though you have refused him a score of times he has an exasperating confidence that you will ultimately become his wife.

He tells you that you are romantic now, that it is natural to be romantic at your age, but that when you are twenty-eight and he is thirty-something you will have lost your admiration for the mere physical attributes that you now seem to look for in a hero, and that as you will then be better fitted for the duties of wifehood he is content to wait.

He does not seem to realize that his confident anticipation of the loss of those illusions that alone make life worth living is disagreeable.

He is right in assuming that you will lose them perhaps. He is probably right in believing that you will marry him. For more women have been won by the sheer exasperating persistence of the men who love them than by the long-awaited declarations of the men they love.

You dream now of a wonderful being half man, half avalanche, who will some day sweep into your life and make it his. But there are not so many of these avalanches as there are young girls waiting for them, and though yours may come he may not tarry, but sweeping everything before him, leaving your life waste indeed.

In the dreary darkness of that time, if it ever comes to you, you will say to yourself that you will never love again. You will live for a time in the recollection of your lost paradise and will believe that at its barred gates memory must henceforth stand forever, an angel with flaming sword.

But memory, like all other gatekeepers, can be bribed, soothed, cajoled into temporary negligence of duty. And outside the gates the man who wants you to love him will wait patiently for one of those moments.

It will come, and when he asks you to marry him for the fiftieth or the hundredth time you will say yes.

And you will be happy with him—happier than with the avalanche probably. He will love you far better than the avalanche could. You will love him, too, though your life will not be spent in the trying sunlight of a love mutually strong, but in a more becoming twilight of emotion, a radiance of reflected passion as it were.

Perhaps you will hesitate to marry the man who wants you to love him for a time from conscientious scruples.

You knew that even in your utter loneliness you would not marry him unless he had money. But what of that? The days when you dreamed of a Greek god are gone. At any rate you have become wise enough to take him, as Danae, the wisest of Greek maidens, did, in a golden shower.

The thing to do is to take him. It will make him happy—and if you must, analyze your motives afterward. But it is well to avoid self-analysis, which is, after all, but a vivisection of the soul.

A BOY AND A POTATO.

A man in Tolland, Conn., found a very small potato in one of his pockets when he came in from his work.

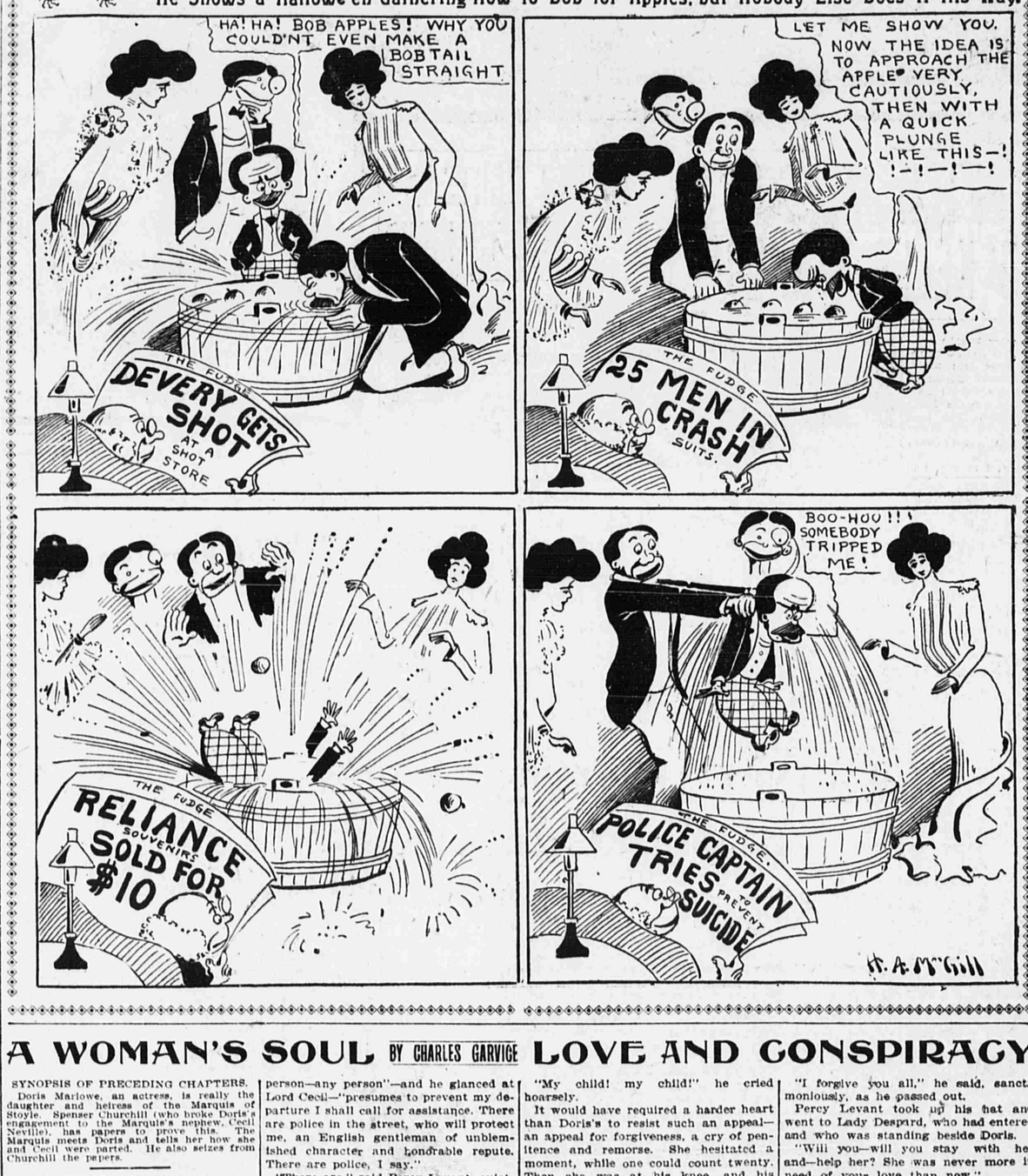
"Here," said he laughingly to a boy twelve years old, who lived with him, "plant that and you shall have all you can raise from it till you are of age."

The bright boy cut the potato into as many pieces as there were "eyes" in it, and planted it. In the autumn he dug and laid by the increase of it and planted in the following spring. Next year he planted the larger crop gathered the previous autumn. The potatoes grew healthily and did well, and his fourth year's harvest amounted to 400 bushels. The farmer asked to be released from his bargain, for he saw the boy's planting would cover all his land.

And yet it is quite common to despise "the day of small things."

The Importance of Mr. Peewee, the Great Little Man.

He Shows a Hallowe'en Gathering How to Bob for Apples, but Nobody Else Does It His Way.



A WOMAN'S SOUL BY CHARLES GARVICE LOVE AND CONSPIRACY

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Doris Marlowe, an actress, is really the daughter and heiress of the Marquis of Stoyle. Spenser Churchill (who broke Doris's engagement to the Marquis's nephew, Cecil Neville), has papers to prove this. The Marquis meets Doris and tells her how she and Cecil were parted. He also seizes from Churchill the papers.

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CHAPTER VI.

All's Well.

THE Marquis dropped into a chair and, still clutching the papers, gazed up at him with a wild despair which would have touched even Lord Cecil if he had not loved Doris too well to think of any one but her.

"It is true, my lord," said Percy Levant, solemnly and sorrowfully. "Would to heaven that both he and I had lied! It is true, every word of it. The separation between Miss Marlowe and yourself was worked by Spenser Churchill. He did, by word and deed, sell her to me."

Lord Cecil made a movement as if to strike him, but Percy Levant stood patient and unresisting.

"And yet more, my lord. It was he who set the trap which caught you and handed you, fettered and bound, to his accomplice."

"Grace! It is—it must be—a lie!" broke from Cecil's white lips.

"It is true," reiterated Levant, and Cecil knew he must believe.

"And now," broke in Churchill smoothly, "permit me to retire from this pretty family scene, and"——

"Stop!" said Percy Levant quietly.

Spenser Churchill pulled up and looked at him sidewise.

"I—I beg your pardon."

Spenser Churchill sidled toward the window and with a quick movement threw it open.

"You mean to threaten me, detain me, offer me violence, my dear Percy," he said, with a leer. "I think not. If any person—any person"—and he glanced at Lord Cecil—"presumes to prevent my departure I shall call for assistance. There are police in the street, who will protect me, an English gentleman of unblemished character and bondable repute. There are police, I say."

"There are," said Percy Levant, quietly and incisively. "You shall stay here until I can send for an English detective to arrest you."

Spenser Churchill shrank back from the window.

"Indeed! On what charge, pray?"

"Conspiracy, and robbery from the dead!" and he pointed to the papers which had been stolen from Jeffrey Flint's body.

Spenser Churchill's face grew white, but he forced a laugh.

"Conspiracy, eh? The other is nonsense, utter nonsense! Who's to prove—ahem! But conspiracy! With whom? With Mr. Percy Levant?"

"With Mr. Percy Levant," repeated Percy, grimly. "Your fellow-criminal! One step, one cry for assistance, and he arrests us both."

Spenser Churchill clutched the curtain.

"You—you—traitor!" he gasped.

Percy Levant turned to Lord Cecil.

"I have simply stated the truth, my lord. It rests with you. It is for you to decide whether you will have us arrested. One thing remains for me to do."

He went to the door of the ante-room, and taking Doris's hand led her toward the group.

"Doris," he said, in a low voice that trembled and broke for the first time, "Doris—your father!"

With pale face, wet with tears, Doris stood for a moment irresolute. The old man, who had raised his head as her name smote upon his ear, made an effort to rise, then sank back with outstretched hands and pleading face.

"My child! my child!" he cried hoarsely.

It would have required a harder heart than Doris's to resist such an appeal—an appeal for forgiveness, a cry of penitence and remorse. She hesitated a moment, while one could count twenty. Then she was at his knee, and his weak, quivering hands were upon her head.

"Again I suggest," purred Churchill, "that I be permitted to go."

"No!" cried a grave voice. It was Lord Cecil's and he sprang to the door. "Not till justice"——

Percy Levant folded his arms and stood resigned and patient.

"Not till justice has been satisfied. I charge you, Spenser Churchill, with conspiracy"——

"I am ready," said Percy Levant, quietly.

But as he spoke Doris sprang to her feet and, gently putting her father's arm aside, stood in front of Percy Levant.

"No!" she cried, panting; "I say no!"

Percy Levant drew a long breath. "Let the law take its course, Lady Mary!" he said in a low voice.

But she still stood in front of him as if to shield and protect him.

The marquis held out his hand to her as if he could not bear her to leave his side.

"Come to me, come to me. Let them—let them go," and he glanced in the direction of Spenser Churchill and Levant.

The latter did not wait for the permission to be repeated. With an air of long-suffering patience and saintly resignation he shook his head reproachfully at Percy Levant.

"Judas!" he murmured, "we shall have a day of reckoning—we two—Judas!"

Percy Levant scarcely glanced at him; and Spenser Churchill moved slowly to the door and smiled.

"I forgive you all," he said, sanctimoniously, as he passed out.

Percy Levant took up his hat and went to Lady Despard, who had entered and who was standing beside Doris.

"Will you—will you stay with her and—help her? She was never more in need of your love than now."

Then he stopped and looked at Doris—a look impossible to describe, easy enough to imagine—and seemed about to speak, but with a sigh he turned and walked out, and Doris scarcely knew that he had gone.

* * *

Lady Despard and Lord Cecil stood beside the Marquis's bed at which, still holding the hand now slowly growing cold, Doris knelt.

Suddenly, quite suddenly, as if, though appearing so incapable of effort, the old man had been battling in the darkness for consciousness and strength, the Marquis opened his eyes and looked at her.

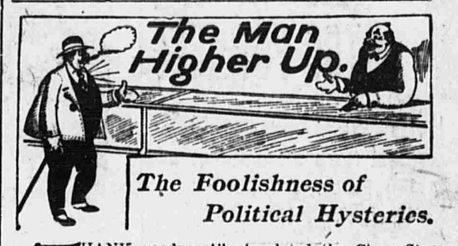
"Doris!" he said "Mary!"

"I am here," she said, inaudibly to all but him.

His fingers closed on her hand. "Cecil—all who are here!" They drew closer to him, and he flashed his dim eyes upon them. "Listen to me. These are my last words. I—I acknowledge this lady to be my—my daughter—the child of my wife, Lucy!" A spasm shot across his face. "My will—the will which leaves all to her is my last. Remember—remember! My daughter—my child!" His eyes closed, and they thought he was dead, but his lips opened again, and Doris, if no other, heard the words that struggled from him. "Lucy! Lucy! Forgive! I am punished—punished!"

These were the last words of the great Marquis of Stoyle, who had all his life boasted that he had earned the title of "wicked," whose heart had never once melted until death came to turn it into the dust to which even penitence and remorse are impossible!

(The End.)



The Foolishness of Political Hysteries.

"THANK goodness!" ejaculated the Cigar Store Man, "the campaign is about over!"

"Peace to thee, Mike," answered the Man Higher Up. "We'll all be taking our joy au gratin on Sunday. Whether Low or McClellan cashes in after skinning the vote check rack, New York will go on just the same. You and I will continue to kick about the high rents and the gas bills and the crowded street cars, whether the Tiger purrs in the corridor of the City Hall or goes into retirement in the vicinity of the stage entrance of Tony Pastor's Theatre. If Low keeps his old chair warm after the first of January New Yorkers will be all to the good or all to the razmatas, depending on fortune's deal, and it will be just the same if G. McClellan gets a license to see the crowds hurry through City Hall Park every day.

"In a lot of ways, this is about the daffiest campaign New York has been through since the first time Bryan tried to break into the White House with a cross of gold and a crown of thorns. I don't think I heard as many arguments or as much language on the carbolic two years ago as I have had assail my ears since the middle of October. It must be in the air. To hear the self-constituted ballyhoo men on both sides talk, you'd think that on the result of this election depended whether New York was going to be an understudy for Sodom and Gomorrah or an imprint off the matrix that made Zion City.

"Riding uptown on the 'L' last night I saw crowds every few blocks listening to some guy whose opinion wouldn't be worth the remnants of a stage roll at any time but just before election. Miles and miles of men who worked hard all day were tramping through the streets shooting off Roman candles and their mouths for a candidate who wouldn't know them from a ton of coal after election day. This political fever that makes a man toil harder for his party than for himself must be akin to the microbe that impels letter-carriers to hold a parade on the only day they have off in the year.

"There was a time when I would put on a tin helmet and an oilcloth overcoat and carry a leaky torch through the thoroughfares of the city in order to cinch the vote for my candidate; but since I've got to the silver-threads-among-the-gold stage I've cut it out. I'm willing to take mine from the newspapers and go to the polls at the right time.

"Why a man should go out at night, get himself tramped on and butted against and have his clothing lacerated, for the privilege of sitting in a slaughter-house atmosphere for a couple of hours, is more than I can frame. The average campaign orator is as sad an affair as a London newspaper, but men who know more about the questions of the campaign than he does will stand for his hot air and give him a hand every time he makes a fake finish. You will notice, too, that a couple of men arguing politics will talk to each other like they were a mile apart, and not infrequently go to the floor for the advantage. The voter who goes into a bar-room and takes his drink on his way home as though buying any other kind of goods fifty weeks in the year will hang around and act like he had hydrophobia in campaign times."

"You wouldn't have a deaf-and-dumb campaign?" inquired the Cigar Store Man.

"You couldn't," said the Man Higher Up. "But conditions do more than brass bands and sky-rockets to influence the minds of the people."

The Feast.

LOVE made a feast for me, the honored guest,
And bade me take my fill. Aye! all his best
And choicest viands urgently he pressed
Upon me, and besought me to partake
Of that rare vintage Love alone can make.
I drank both long and deep, and thought to slake
The thirst that had consumed me like a pain.
But all of poor Love's efforts were in vain.
Who feasts with him to tarry long is fain.
And since that feast, though many years have passed,
Life seems to me one long, continual fast.

CORA M. W. GREENLEAF.

Radium's Energy.

Prof. J. J. Thomson's latest suggestion on the subject of the source of the energy emanating from radium is that there are a few atoms in each mass "in a condition in which stability ceases, and which pass into some other configuration, giving out as they do very large quantities of energy." The energy of the radiations of this substance is so great that one of the electrons thrown off by it, if set in chase of a Mauser bullet, would pass through it as though it were standing still.